

partly lost we are given a good deal of delightful comedy in recompense, and many of the secondary characters now introduced are admirable. Lady Bellair is an amusing portrait of Disraeli's eccentric friend and ally, of whom we have heard more than once — old Lady Cork. The unimpassioned Montfort, with whom 'life was the romance of reason,' as with Ferdinand it was 'the romance of imagination,' may seem at the first view artificial, but he is of the Disraelian line of Beckendorn³ and Winter, and interesting as the immediate precursor of Sidonia. Then there is Mr. Bond Sharpe, apparently drawn from Crockford; the little waiter in the sponging house from some unknown model who allowed Disraeli to catch his likeness and was lost in obscurity again; and Mirabel's companions, Mr. Bevil, who 'never permitted himself to smile except in the society of intimate friends,' Lord Catchimwhocan, 'that dear Catch who was always repeating nonsense which he heard from, somebody else,' and Charles Doricourt, whom the world called Charley, 'from, which it will be inferred that he was a privileged person, and was applauded for a thousand actions which in any one else would have been met with decided reprobation.' But by far the most attractive character of all, perhaps the most attractive that Disraeli ever created or drew, is de Mirabel himself, in whom the wit, the gaiety, the charm, the generosity, and the insouciance of D'Orsay are enshrined for the benefit of future generations.

There was something in Count Mirabel's very presence which put everybody in good spirits. His lightheartedness was caught by all. Melancholy was a farce in the presence of his smile; and there was no possible combination of scrapes that could withstand his kind and brilliant raillery.¹

His radiant figure lights up all the concluding scenes and makes the last book, with its reconciliation of the lovers, the most readable in the novel.